

T E N N E S S E E F O L K L O R E S O C I E T Y
B U L L E T I N

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ADDITIONAL ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH BALLADS
FOUND IN EAST TENNESSEE
by
Geneva Anderson

In the Tennessee Folklore Society Bulletin, Volume II, Number 3, October, 1936, eight English and Scottish Ballads found in East Tennessee were discussed. In addition to this group of eight ballads previously given, fourteen ballads will be included in this paper. These are: "Our Goodman," "Lady Isabel and the Elf-Knight," "Fair Margaret and Sweet William," "The Three Ravens," "Young Hunting," "Young Reichen," "The Two Sisters," "The Wife Wrapt in Wether's Skin," "The Farmer's Curst Wife," "Earl Brand," "Lamkin," "Babylon," "The Cherry-Tree Carol," and "Sir Hugh."

These ballads fall into three groups: ballads of pre-nuptial affairs; ballads of marriage; ballads of sacred legend.

The lowly people of England were carried away from their everyday life by the deeds of lords and ladies. News was scarce and when anything did happen, the smallest details assumed great importance. Thus we see from the ballads that the richness of apparel is described vividly. Superstitions and charms were used in ballads as they were in everyday life. Repetition and refrain, both common to communal singing, are to be found in the ballads. These and many more ballad characteristics are found in the ballads in this paper.

In the seven pre-nuptial ballads tragedy is rampant. From time immemorial the multitudes have had an insatiable curiosity concerning murders, drownings and the like. Evidence of such is found in the ballads

which shows this great interest. In "Earl Brand" (Tenn., No. 14, Child, No. 7) a version which does not tell why the seven brothers and the father are killed, there is to be found a conflict of wills of the lovers and the family. The lovers elope. The family disapproved and the lovers had to kill the eight objecting male members of her family. Tragedy stalked the elopers. First the boy died and then before day the girl followed him in death. The ballad ends with a moral,

"That's the way of all true lovers
Who run away together."

The most colorful ballad of this group is "Lady Isabel and the Elf-Knight" (Tenn., No. 15, Child, No. 4). There is a great similarity to the H Version of Child. The proposal, the betrayal, and the outwitting of the false-hearted man by the young lady give us a lively ballad.

The Elf-Knight made his boast of drowning six daughters of high renown, and vowed he'd make her the seventh. He had previously promised her an honorable marriage. The young lady with the intelligence of a Becky Sharp and the brawn of a Shakespearian Kate asked him for the sake of modesty to view the green of the trees while she removed her costly dress preparatory to being thrown into the salt sea. The unsuspecting man followed her suggestions in this manner,

"He twined himself all around and about,
To view the green leaves on the tree;
She picked him up in her lovely arms,
And tripped him into the sea."

The love of color is shown in this ballad. The horses are dirty gold brown and dapple gray. The leaves of the tree are green. The girl promises to cover the parrot cage with a yellow bed of gold.

In "Fair Margaret and Sweet William" (Tenn., No. 16, Child, No. 74) the young lady who had been jilted suffered a hasty death.

Sweet William had married a rival of Ladie Margarette. This was too much for Ladie Margarette. Shortly afterwards her ghost haunted Sweet William. Then follows a ballad commonplace. He says,

"Go take down those lily-white sheets
That hides her face from mine;
That I may kiss her cold pale lips
Ofttimes as she kissed mine."

The conclusion contains the rose and brier motif so common to the ballads.

"Young Beichan" (Tenn., No. 17, Child, No. 53) is filled with voyages and seven-year periods of waiting of the Turkish lady for her lover's return. Convinced that he was not returning to her, she went after him. Dressed gorgeously she asked for refreshment at his gate. Described by the servant,

"There stands a lady at the gate,
With gold ring on her forefinger,
And about her middle there are three,
And gold aplenty about her neck,
To buy your bride company."

Lord Beckman (Beichan) married a woman one morning and in the afternoon he married another.

"Babylon" (Tenn., No. 18, Child, No. 14) gives us the incident of pulling the rose. This same idea was given in the Odyssey. Here the flower is used as a talisman. The same use is made in this ballad. This ballad which is almost word for word like the Child version gives us the story of a banished man who killed two older sisters who had refused to become a rank robber's wife. The youngest girl had a different idea. By her refusal to be the wife she found the man to be her brother called Baby Lon. Ho, shamed,

". 'staken out his wee pen-knife,
And he's twyned himself his own sweet life."

Jealousy between sisters offers the motive for the drowning of the younger by the elder in "The Twa Sisters" (Tenn., No. 19, Child, No. 10).

Jealousy pervaded the ballad "Young Hunting" (Tenn., No. 20, Child, No. 68). The usual pen-knife was used by the young lady to stab her two-timing lover. Regret followed swiftly and she offered to get all the doctors in the town to save him. Death came too soon, however.

The marriage ballads treat the subject both humorously and seriously. In the humorous vein are to be found "Our Goodman," "The Farmer's Curst Wife," and "The Wife Wrapt in Wether's Skin." These three ballads give us various treatments of the unfaithful wife. The Goodman offers no punishment for his wandering wife. Rather he seems to enjoy in his inebriated way the fact that his wife has been having an affair with someone else.

Literature of Oriental and European early days give many incidents to prove that a curst wife was a terror to demons. In ballad form this story is given in "The Farmer's Curst Wife," (Tenn., No. 22, Child, No. 278). Such a terror she is that she harmed the little demons in a most shrewish way. "She up with the hatchet and split out his brains." The devils in hell decided she was too much for them, so the father of devils took her home. "She up with the rolling pin and knocked him in the head." The old lady enjoyed these muscular tiffs. As is proved after having beaten her husband,

"The lady went singing across the hill,
'The devil won't have me, and I don't know who will.'"

"Now this old lady was sound and well,
She ain't fit for heaven, they won't have her in hell.

"Now this goes to show what a woman can do,
She'll outdo the devil and her old man too."

In the two previous humorous marriage ballads the wife has been victorious. The story changes in "The Wife Wrapt in Wether's Skin," (Tenn., No. 23, Child, No 277). The woman refused to cook the meals for her farmer husband. For punishment he decided to beat her. For legal protection he didn't beat her until he had wrapt her in an old sheep skin. This also goes contrary to the belief that the woman always gets the last word. When the woman bragged that she would tell her family that he had beaten her, he very calmly replied,

"I'll tell your people how you have lied,
I'll tell your people how you have lied,
I whipped you on my wether's hide."

In the serious treatment of the marriage, "Lamkin" (Tenn., No. 24, Child, No. 93) or as it is given here "Bold Hamkins" is the first. Lamkin, or Hamkins, is probably the title given the bloody mason to frighten children in the nurseries. Only a hint of the lord's unfaithfulness is given when the false nurse tells Bold Hamkins that the lord had gone to the goldsmith to buy her a ring. Even though he might have been false hearted, he directed his wife to beware of the mason while he was away on a trip. Ballads given by Child say that Lamkin was getting revenge on the lord because the wealthy man had not paid him for masonry work done. In this version with the aid of the false nurse the Lamkin stuck the babe full of needles and pins with all his might. Supposition only leads us to believe that Lamkin and the nurse killed the baby, and the lord's lady. Both the nurse and Lamkin suffered hard deaths. Bold Hamkins was hung and the nurse was burned.

In the sacred legend group of ballads two are included. The first "Sir Hugh, or the Jew's Daughter" is related to the "Prioress Tale" from Chaucer. It will be noted that most frequently in the

ballad the little boy was killed with a wee pen-knife. Here the pen becomes a pin, a very easy error to make when ballads were transmitted orally. Use of the wee pen-knife is made in "Babylon," "Young Hunting," and "Sir Hugh."

"The Cherry Tree Carol" (Tenn., No. 27, Child, No 54) gives a bit of the Catholic spirit in the pre-Reformation use of the miracle, the unborn child speaking to the tree, asking that his mother be allowed to pick some of the cherries.

In the three groups of ballads will be found many ballad characteristics. Most noted are the use of color, the use of family, repetition and the use of refrain, and the talking birds. The rose and brier motif and the use of the wee pen-knife are most common.

These ballads must have been very satisfying to the early settlers of East Tennessee. Even today there are many of these people who enjoy nothing more than listening to a singer spin out the many, many stanzas of these old English and Scottish ballads.

Earl Brand

This version of "Earl Brand" known as "Lord Loving" was secured by Danio Garland from John Harmon of Walland. Compare with Child, No 7; Campbell and Sharp, No. 3; Cox, No. 2; Hudson, No. 2.

- 1 "Hold these horses, little Margaret," he said,
"And hold them with your hands
Till I go and fight your seven brothers bold,
In the meadows where they stand."
- 2 She stood and she stood,
And she never shed a tear,
Till she seed her seven brothers fall,
And her father who loved her so dear.
- 3 She pulled her handkerchief from her pocket,
That was bordered in metal so fine;
She stood and she stood and wiped her father's wound,
Till the blood run as red as the wine.

- 4 "Choose you one, little Margaret," he said,
 "Choose you one for a bride (guide)."
 "I'll go with you, Lord Loving," she said,
 "You have left me nary guide."
- 5 She mounted on the Turkish brown,
 He rode the dapple gray;
 He buckled hisself all around the waist,
 As he fled and rode away.
- 6 He rode till he came to his mother's door,
 He dangled a ring and it rung;
 "Open the door, dear mother," he says,
 "Little Margaret she is one."
- 7 "Go make my bed, dear mother," he said,
 "Make it both wide and deep;
 Place little Margaret in my arms,
 A-sunder I may sleep."
- 8 Lord Loving he died before midnight,
 And little Margaret long before day;
 That's the way of all true lovers
 Who runs away together.
- 9 God send 'em more pleasure than thee.

Lady Isabel and the Elf Knight

Given the collector by Cora Belle Hatcher in 1933. The woman from whom she obtained it knew it as "Six King's Daughters." Compare with Child, No. 4; Cox, No. 1; Campbell and Sharp, No. 2; Smith, No. 1; Hudson, No. 1.

- 1 He followed her up, and he followed her down;
 He followed her day by day;
 She had a heart to tell him bye,
 And a tongue to tell him naye.
- 2 She took him into her father's lot,
 Her horses forty and three;
 She mounted the dimy gold brown,
 He mounted the dapple gray.
- 3 They rode till they came to her father's house
 Just at the break of day;
 "Lide you down, lide you down, you pretty little miss,
 It's six king's daughters I have drowned here
 And you shall the seventh be."
- 4 "Hold your tongue, you false-hearted man,
 That's not what you promised me;
 You promised to carry me to Holly Berry town,
 And make you for my lady to be."

- 5 "Go pull off your costly dress,
And hang it there in some tree;
It is too fine, it is too gay,
To rot in the salt water sea."
- 6 "If I have to pull off my costly dress,
Please turn your back on me;
What a shame, what a scandal,
A naked woman to see."
- 7 He turned himself all around and about
To view the green leaves on the trees;
She picked him up in her lovely arms,
And tripped him into the sea.
- 8 "O give me your pretty white hand,
And pull me out of the sea;
I'll carry you back to your father's house,
And marry you lady for to be."
- 9 "Lie there, lie there, you false-hearted man,
You're as well to lie there as me;
It's six king's daughters you'd drowned here
But the seventh drowned thee."
- 10 She mounted on her dimy gold brown,
And led her dapple gray;
She rode till she came to her father's house,
That was a long summer day.
- 11 "What's the matter, what's the matter?"
My little parrot says,
"And who is talking to thee?"
"There is a little cat in the little cage door,
But says the word to be."
- 12 "O hold your tongue, my little parrot,
And tell no tales on me;
I'll cover your cage with a yellow bed of gold
And hang it in a willow tree."

Fair Margaret and Sweet William

Contributed by Adra Brewer of Walland High School, Tennessee. She obtained this ballad from her mother who knew it as "Lady Margarett." Her mother had known the ballad for forty-five years. Compare with Child, No. 74; Pound, No. 16; Campbell and Sharp, No. 17; Cox, No. 11; Hudson, No. 11.

- 1 Sweet William arose one May morning,
And dressed himself in blue;
"Before this time tomorrow morning
Ladie Margarett my bride shall be."

- 2 Ladie Margarette was standing in her own hall door,
Combing her long yellow hair;
And how could she spy but Sweet William and his bride
From the church house they pass by.
- 3 She dropped down her floushing comb,
Pushed back her long yellow hair;
She fell down in her own hall door,
And never did speak any more.
- 4 Sweet William arose so early next morning,
And hurried to get on his clothes;
For he had lief of his own true-love
Ladie Margarette for to go and see.
- 5 He rode, he rode, till he came to the house,
He knocked at the door;
There was none so ready for to let him in
As Ladie Margarette's own brother.
- 6 "Oh, where is Ladie Margarette at?
Oh, where can she be?
For I have asked lief of my own true-love
Ladie Margarette to come and see.
- 7 "Oh, is she in the dining room?
Oh, is she in the hall?
Or is she in her own chamber
Among the ladies all?"
- 8 "She's neither in the dining room,
She's neither in the hall;
But she's lying in her own coffin
That stands against the wall."
- 9 "I dreamed a dream that was on last night,
It was an unplesant dream;
I dreamed that my hall was full of wild swine,
And my bride-groom was floating in blood."
- 10 "Go taken down those lily-white sheets
That hides her face from mine;
That I may kiss her cold pale lips
Ofttimes as she kissed mine."
- 11 It was one that he kissed her cold pale lips,
It was twice that he kissed her hands;
It was once that he kissed her cold clay cheeks,
As the tears came trickling down.
- 12 Sweet William was buried in the old churchyard,
Ladie Margarette was laid by his side;
And out of Ladie Margarette's grave sprung a rose,
And out of Sweet William's a brier.

- 13 They grew, they grew, to the top of the wall,
They could not grow no higher;
They palled and linked in a true-love knot,
The rose run around the brier.

Young Beichan

This ballad was contributed by Oronoma Russell of Lanier High School, Blount County, Tennessee. She secured it from her grandfather, J. M. Hampton. Mr. Hampton had heard an uncle sing this song just after the Civil War. Compare with Child, No. 53; Pound, No. 14; Hudson, No. 8.

- 1 There were three fine young gentlemen
Who lived in England;
They grew uneasy and discontented,
And they vowed a voyage they would see.
- 2 They sailed east, they sailed west.
They sailed till they came to the Turkish shore;
There they were taken and put in prison,
Oh, that they could see nor hear no more.
- 3 The keeper had one lovely daughter,
And she was the fairest my two eyes ever saw;
She stole the keys of her father's castle,
Oh, she vowed Lord Beckman she would see.
- 4 "Have you fine houses, have you fine lands,
Or what would you give to the Turkish lady,
Oh, that she free you
Of your iron bands?"
- 5 "Yes, I have fine houses,
And I have fine lands,
I'll give it all to the Turkish lady,
Oh, that she would free me of my iron bands."
- 6 She took him down to the seaside,
And there she fitted a vessel for him,
"Sing farewell, my fairest jewel,
I'm afraid I never shall see you again."
- 7 They made a bargain, they made it strong,
They made a bargain full seven years long;
That he was to marry no other woman,
And she ~~was~~ to marry no other man.
- 8 He sailed east, he sailed west,
He sailed till he came to the native shore;
Seven long years had come at last,
Seven long years had come and passed.

- 9 She bundled up her costly clothing,
Oh, she vowed Lord Beckman she would see.
She sailed east, she sailed west,
She sailed till she came to the English shore.
For seven long years had come at last,
Seven years had come and passed.
- 10 She tingled loudly at the ring,
Oh, she tingled loudly to come in.
"Who is there?" the porter cried,
"Oh, who is there?" the porter cried.
- 11 "Is this one of Lord Beckman's castles,
Or is Lord Beckman himself within?"
"Yes, this is one of Lord Beckman's castles,
And he's just now brought his new bride in."
- 12 "Go tell him to send me a slice of cake,
Go tell him to send me a glass of wine;
And to think on the Turkish lady,
Oh, she freed him from his iron bands."
- 13 "There stands a lady at the gate,
With a gold ring on her forefinger,
And about the middle there are three,
And gold aplenty about her neck,
To buy your bride company.
- 14 "She says to send her a slice of cake,
She says to send her a glass of wine,
And to think on the Turkish lady,
Oh, she freed you of your iron bands."
- 15 Lord Beckman rose from his own table,
He split it in pieces three;
"Sing farowoll to all women living,
For Susan Spice has crossed the sea.
- 16 "You come here on your horse and saddle,
You can go home in your coach free;
For I'm sure you're none the worse by me."
- 17 The greatest thing that's ever been known,
Lord Beckman married a woman one morning,
And he married another just afternoon.

Baby Lon

Babylon: or The Bonnie Banks o' Fordie was given by Miss Jlyde Gibbs.
Compare with Child, No. 14.

- 1 There were three ladies lived in a tower,
Eh vow bonnie--
And they went out to pull a flower,
On the bonnie bank o' Fordie.

- 2 They hadna pu'ed a flower but one
When up started to them a banisht man.
- 3 He's taen the first sister by her hand,
And he's turned her around and made her stand.
- 4 "It's whether will ye be a rank robber's wife,
Or will ye die by my pen even knife?"
- 5 "It's I'll not be a rank robber's wife,
But I'll rather die by your wee pen knife."
- 6 He's killed this maid, and he's laid her by,
For to bear the red rose company.
- 7 He's taken the second one by the hand,
And he's turned her around and made her stand.
- 8 "It's whether will ye be a rank robber's wife,
Or will ye die by my wee pen-knife?"
- 9 "I'll not be a rank robber's wife,
But I'll rather die by your wee pen-knife."
- 10 He's killed this maid, and he's laid her by,
For to bear the red rose company.
- 11 He's taken the youngest one by the hand,
And he's turned her around and made her stand.
- 12 Says, "Will ye be a rank robber's wife,"
"Nor will I die by your wee pen-knife."
- 13 "I'll not be a rank robber's wife,"
"Nor will I die by your wee pen-knife."
- 14 "For I hae a brother in this wood,
And gin ye kill me, it's he'll kill thee."
- 15 "What's thy brother's name? Come tell to me"
"My brother's name is Baby Lon."
- 16 "O sister, sister, what have I done!
O have I done this ill to thee!
- 17 "O since I've done this evil deed,
Good sall never be seem o me."
- 18 "He's taken out his wee pen-knife,
And he's twyned himself o his own sweet life."

The Twa Sisters

Nanette Garner of Lanier High School, Blount County, learned this ballad from her sister, Mrs. Maude Stewart, who in turn had learned it from Mr. Minich whose grandfather came from Europe and had taught the song to Mr. Minich. Compare with Child, No. 10; Pound, No. 4; Campbell and Sharp, p. 16; Cox, No. 3; Hudson, No. 3.

- 1 There was a lord lived in the old country, bow down,
 There was a lord lived in the old country, bow down,
 These bows were bowed to me,
 There was a lord lived in the old country.
- 2 There was a lord in the old country,
 And he had daughters one, two, three.
 Refrain
- 3 I will be true, true to my love,
 If my love will be true to me.
- 4 There came a young man a-courting there,
 And he made choice of the youngest fair, bow down.
- 5 He gave her a beaver hat,
 The oldest thought sorely of that.
- 6 "Sister, O Sister, let us walk out,
 And see the ships a-sailing about."
- 7 They walked down to the ocean's brim,
 The oldest plunged the youngest in.
- 8 "Sister, O Sister, reach me your hand,
 And you may have my home and land."
- 9 "I'll neither reach you hand nor glove,
 But I'll steal the heart of your true-love."
- 10 "Miller, O Miller, yon swims a swan,
 With five gold rings the fingers on."
- 11 Off of her fingers he took the rings,
 And plunged her back into the stream.
- 12 The millor was hanged upon fish gate,
 For the drowning of my sister Kate.

Young Hunting

Oronona Henry of Lanier High School obtained this ballad from her grandfather, W. M. Hampton. He knew the ballad by the title of "Lord Barnott."

Compare with Child, No. 68; Smith, No. 4; Campbell and Sharp, No. 15; Cox, No. 9; Hudson, No. 9.

- 1 Lord Barnett was a hunter man, a hunting man,
A-hunting he did ride,
With his hunting horn around his waist,
And his broad sword by his side.
- 2 He rode till he came to his true love's hall,
He jingled at the ring,
No one so ready as his own true love
To arise and let him come in.
- 3 "Come in, come in, Lord Barnett," she cried,
"Come stay with me all night;
We have good fires burning here,
And candles to give light."
- 4 While they were a-sitting there
A-hugging and a-kissing so sweet,
With a little pen-knife she held in her hand,
She wounded him full deep.
- 5 "False love, false love, false love," he cried,
"How can you treat me so,
When there never was a man who loved a girl
Any better than I love you, you know."
- 6 "O live, O live, Lord Barnett," she said,
"Just live one half an hour,
And I'll have all the doctors in yonder town
Brought in to your borough."
- 7 "I can not live, can not live, you see,
I can not live, you know;
When don't you see my own heart's blood
All on the floor doth flow."

Our Goodman

Contributed by Miss Inez Burns of Maryville, Tennessee. Compare with Child, No. 274; Campbell and Sharp, No. 32; Cox, No. 28; Hudson, No. 22.

- 1 When I came home the other night what should I see?
A horse in the stable where my horse ought to be.
- 2 "Come here, my dear wife, explain this thing to me,
~~Where~~ horse is in the stable, where my horse ought to be?"
- 3 "O you blind fool, you drunken fool, can't you ever see?
'Tis nothing but a milk cow my mother gave to me."
- 4 "I've traveled the country over twenty times or more,
But a saddle on a milk cow I never saw before."

- 5 "Come here, my dear wife, explain this thing to me,
Whose coat is this hanging where my coat ought to be?"
- 6 "O you blind fool, you drunken fool, can't you ever see?
It's nothing but a bed quilt my mother sent to me."
- 7 "I've traveled the country over twenty times or more,
Pockets on a bed quilt I never saw before."

The Farmer's Cursed Wife

Wade Wilson secured this ballad, which was known as "The Old Lady and the Devil" from Ruben Bolin. Mr. Bolin had learned it from Bill Green. Compare this version with Child, No. 278; Campbell and Sharp, No 34; Cox, No. 30; Hudson, No. 24.

- 1 Once there was an old man who lived over the hill,
If he ain't moved away, he's living there still.
- Chorus:
- Singing fi diddle la di diddle, la diddle li da.
- 2 He hitched up his hoss and went out to plow,
How he got around I never knew how.
 - 3 One day the old devil came down his way
Saying, "One of your family I'm gonna take away."
 - 4 "Take her away at the joy of my heart,
And I hope to my soul you and her will never part."
 - 5 Now the devil got the lady upon his back,
He looked like a camel with a hump on its back.
 - 6 Soon they came to the forks of the road,
He said, "Get down, ole woman, you're a hell of a load."
 - 7 Now when they came to the gates of hell,
He said, "Stir up the fire, boys, we'll scorch her well."
 - 8 One little devil dragging up the chains,
She up with a hatchet and split out his brains.
 - 9 One little devil over against the wall,
Said, "Take her away, Daddy, she'll murder us all."
 - 10 Another little devil peeping out a crack
Said, "Take her away and never bring her back."
 - 11 Now the old man when he peeped out a crack,
Saw the devil come a-wagging her back.

- 12 The old man was a-sick in bed;
She up with the rolling pin and knocked him in the head.
- 13 The lady went a-singing across the hill,
"The devil won't have me, and I don't know who will."
- 14 Now this old lady was sound and well,
She ain't fit for heaven, they won't have her in hell."
- 15 Now this goes to show what a woman can do,
She'll outdo the devil and her old man too.

The Wife Wrapt in Wether's Skin

Danie Garland of Walland High School obtained this ballad from Frank Harmon of Townsend, Tennessee. Compare with Child, No. 277; Round, No. 6; Campbell and Sharp, No. 33; Cox, No. 29; Hudson, No. 23.

- 1 A little old man went out to his field to plow one day,
He came in; "Is there any bread here, old woman?" he said.
- 2 "There's a crust upon the shelf,
If you want any more, go bake it yourself."
Clesh tum clash tum clangio.
- 3 He went out to his sheepfold,
Clesh tum clash tum clangio,
He killed an old wether both fat and old,
Clesh tum clash tum clangio.
- 4 And hung him up on two little sticks,
Clesh tum clash tum clangio,
In a few licks he had him skinned,
Clesh tum clash tum clangio.
- 5 He tacked the hide to his old woman's back,
Clesh tum clash tum clangio,
Two little sticks how he made them crack,
Clesh tum clash tum clangio.
- 6 "I'll tell my people and all my kin,
You have whipped me on my naked skin."
- 7 "I'll tell your people how you have lied,
I'll tell your people how you have lied,
I whipped you on my wether's hide."

Bold Hamkins

G. B. Clark of Lanier High School, Blount County, secured this ballad from Mrs. Joseph Skeen. Compare with Child, No. 93; Campbell and Sharp, No. 23.

- 1 Bold Hamkins was as fine a mason
 As ever laid a stone;
 He built a castle,
 And pay he got none.
- 2 Said the lord unto his lady,
 Just starting for home,
 "Beware of bold Hamkins,
 He will catch you all alone."
- 3 "My doors are fast locked,
 My window's on a pin."
 But the false nurse arose,
 And let him come in.
- 4 "Where is the lord's man,
 Or is he at home?"
 "He's gone to the goldsmith,
 To buy me a ring."
- 5 "Where is the lord's lady,
 Or is she with him?"
 "No, she is upstairs a-sleeping,"
 Said the false nurse to him.
- 6 "How will we get her down
 This cold dark night?"
 "We will stick her little baby
 Full of needles and pins with all our might."
- 7 Bold Hamkins did rock
 And the false nurse did sing,
 Till the tears and the red blood
 From the cradle they did run.
- 8 Down came the lord's lady,
 Not thinking any harm;
 And there stood bold Hamkins
 Ready to catch her in his arms
- 9 "O spare my life," bold Hamkins,
 "O spare it just one hour;
 You can have my little daughter Betsy,
 My own blooming flower."
- 10 "O spare my life," bold Hamkins
 "O spare it just awhile,
 Don't you hear how mournful
 My little babe cries."

- 11 Bold Hamkins was hung,
And the false nurse was burned.

The Three Crows

Contributed by Miss Inez Burns of Maryville, Tennessee. Compare with Child, No. 26; Campbell and Sharp, No. 10; Cox, No. 6; Hudson, No. 6.

- 1 There were three crows sat on a tree
Billy McGhee, Billy McGaw;
And they were black as crows could be,
Billy McGhee, McGaw.
- 2 One of them said to his mate,
Billy McGhee, Billy McGaw;
"What shall we have for grub to eat?"
Billy McGhee, McGaw.
- 3 "I see a horse on yonder plain,
Billy McGhee, Billy McGaw;
"Whose body has been lately slain,
Billy McGhee, McGaw.
- 4 "We'll go and sit upon his breast,
Billy McGhee, Billy McGaw;
"And eat the spots that we like best."
Billy McGhee, McGaw.

Sir Hugh, or the Jew's Daughter

This song was sung to the collector on Friday, November 29, 1925, by Mrs. Joe Miller of Walland, Tennessee. Mrs. Miller said that she had heard Mrs. Dolla Brewer Coulter sing this song many years ago when she (Mrs. Coulter) stayed to the home of a Gamble family.

This version is similar to the version N found in the Child collection. Also compare with Smith, No. 11; Campbell and Sharp, No 26; Cox, No. 19.

- 1 One day, one day, one Hollow day,
The drops of dew did fall,
And all the scholars in the school,
Went out to playing ball, ball,
Went out to playing ball.
- 2 A Jewish woman came out to them
With some apples in her hand,
Saying, "Come here, come here, my little son Hughie,
And you shall have them all, all,
And you shall have them all."

- 3 "I will not come, I will not come,
I will not come at all;
If my mother knew this
She would make my red blood fall, fall,
She would make my red blood fall."
- 4 She took him by his lily-white hand,
She led him from porch to hall;
She locked him up in a room so high
Where no one could hear him call, call,
Where no one could hear him call.
- 5 She set him down in a golden chair,
She scratched his heart with a pin;
In that little basin there
His heart blood she let in, in,
His heart blood she let in.
- 6 She wrapped him up in a folded sheet,
She walked him for awhile;
She walked him down to yonder well,
Which were both cold and deep, deep,
Which were both cold and deep.
- 7 The day is far spent, night's coming on,
Mother's going home;
Every mother has a little son,
But Hughie's mother has none, none,
But Hughie's mother has none.
- 8 She took her birch rod in her hand,
She walked on down the lane, saying,
"If I meet my little son Hughie,
I declare I will whip him home, home,
I declare I will whip him home."
- 9 She walked on down by the Jewish gate,
Where all asleep she walked;
She walked on down to yonder well,
Which were both cold and deep, deep,
Which were both cold and deep.
- 10 "Are you here, oh, hear my little son Hughie,
It's where I expect you to be,
Speak one word to your dear,
Who stands in hearing of thee, thee,
Who stands in hearing of thee."
- 11 "Here I am, my mother dear,
I have been here so long;
The pain has been through my aching heart,
The blood did run so strong, strong,
The blood did run so strong."

- 12 "Sink, oh, sink, my little son Hughie,
Pray you will not swim;
If you live you will be a disgrace
To me and all my kin, kin.
To me and all my kin."
- 13 "Now all of my love to my classmates,
Here more brighter than a bird;
Pray take me out of this cold deep well,
And bury me at yonder church, church,
And bury me at yonder church."
- 14 "Now my dwelling is in heaven so high,
And hers on earth do dwell;
Now my dwelling is in heaven so high,
And hers low down in hell."

The Cherry Tree Carol

This ballad was given by Mrs. Nancy Burns of Maryville. When Mrs. Burns was about fourteen years of age she heard a Mrs. Fish, wife of a Mexican doctor, sing this ballad. Compare with Child, No. 54; Pound, No. 19.

- 1 Joseph was an old man, an old man was he,
When he married Mary, of the land of Galilee.
- 2 Mary and Joseph walked through an orchard good
Where cherries and berries grew red as His blood.
- 3 Then up spake Mary so meek and so mild,
"Pick me some cherries, Joseph, for I am with child."
- 4 And Joseph made answer with words most unkind,
"Let him pick your cherries by whom you're with child."
- 5 And out spoke the Christ child from his mother's womb,
"Bow down, low down, ye cherry tree, let my mother have some."

COMMENTS AND NOTES

Comments on Our Last Issue

Edwin R. Hunter: "I think the last issue of the Bulletin an excellent one, not only a most excellent principal article but many attractive additional items."

Erminie W. Voegelin: "May I compliment you on your inclusion of prehistoric and ethnological material in this issue. Since I am an anthropologist by training, I warmly appreciate the broadmindedness of your editorial viewpoint in running an article such as that by Professor Lewis in your Bulletin."

Susan B. Riley: "In appearance and content the Bulletin creates a most favorable impression and indicates a new dignity and effectiveness for the Society itself."

Henry W. Shoemaker: "The Bulletin of the Tennessee Folklore Society is a most interesting and valuable publication. I will bring it to the attention of the members of the Pennsylvania Folklore Society, of which I am the President, and I know that they will find much pleasure and profit in its study. It is good to hear from other Folklore Societies engaged in similar work and your questionnaire, a copy of which you enclosed, I think might profitably be adopted by our Pennsylvania Society here." (We are indebted to our president, Professor George Pullen Jackson, for thinking of and preparing the questionnaire sent out in our last issue. Editor.)

Herbert Halpert: "I liked your recent number very much. The format is quite attractive, and I'm glad you're venturing into new fields."

QUESTIONNAIRE TO MEMBERS

A number of questionnaires have been returned with valuable and interesting comments, but we should have many more before we summarize the results. Let no one fail to return the questionnaire merely because he is not engaged on some specific study. We wish to know and list those who have a general interest in folklore and who wish the work of the Tennessee Folklore Society to continue. Please mail the questionnaire to the secretary or bring it to the annual meeting at Cookeville, November 7.

Do You Know Any of the Following Proverbs, Riddles, etc?

Professor Archer Taylor, in reply to the questionnaire sent out, has given several specific suggestions which should be invaluable in pointing our attention to significant and important material. "The Welsh know this: 'Zigzag, where are you going? - Bald is thy crown, what dost thou care? - Hair will grow on my head before the straightening of thy crooked steps.' The hayfield that has been mown speaks to the winding brook flowing through it. Every European country has examples of such riddles, or let's say dialogues, which describe the answerers. But, - there's no English example in print. Does anybody in Tennessee know it?

If anyone in Tennessee knows a riddle in the form described by Professor Taylor, please send it to the editor of the Bulletin. We welcome short notes for the Bulletin just as readily as longer articles, and we shall be delighted to receive from our readers as many of these short notes as possible.

Professor Taylor gave other material which we should look for in Tennessee. The following is from his letter. "Does anybody in Tennessee know: I went through the wood, I came through the wood, I picked up a small piece of wood from under my foot. In time it became two spoons, in time it became two cups, a tie beam for a house, and a cover for bread. (An acorn. It grows into an oak, from which all these things are made.) This is generally known in Europe, although there are not many examples. There are no English examples, although it is known in Welsh.

"No one, until a very recent article by a Southern philologist, has collected comparisons, either comparisons in general, - as hot as, as cold as, as tired as; or specifically comparisons for colors: as white as milk, a sheet, snow (please note here the specific applications of these, 'as white as snow' might refer to virtue, but 'as white as milk' doesn't). These comparisons to color form a very curious group, and a few good collections could be easily made with a little diligence and would be simply invaluable.

"I am especially interested in 'Never,' have worked on it for years and go back to it every time I get a chance. Such things as 'when Hell freezes over,' 'ad graecas calendas,' 'next Juvember,' 'between four-thirty and the corner.' There are just as good periphrases for 'forever.' What are phrases for 'I don't like him,' 'I can't stand him,' 'He doesn't sit well with me,' 'I can't take him'? No collection exists. The shades of meaning in these phrases are important and should be carefully noted.

"I don't know whether it would be important, but I suggest that someone might make a good drawing, - even have it lithoprinted - and get the local names for each part of a wagon, or harness. One could also collect cries to animals. What does one say to a calf? Soc-bossy."

We appreciate Professor Taylor's careful and specific suggestions concerning material that would make important contributions to the folklore collections. We sincerely hope that Professor Taylor and others will send to the editor additional items that should be collected in

Tennessee. These comments should stimulate our readers to collect the material suggested. The Bulletin will be glad to publish either short notes on this material or articles of some length.

ECK.

Affiliation with The American Folklore Society

A most attractive arrangement has been made for our members to affiliate with The American Folklore Society, and many of us will wish to take advantage of this arrangement.

Particularly important is it that those who do not attend our annual meeting be informed. Professor D. S. Davidson, Secretary and Treasurer of The American Folklore Society, and the officers of the Tennessee Folklore Society have agreed that for \$4.00 per year we will send the Bulletin, the Journal of American Folklore, and the memoirs as printed by The American Folklore Society. Obviously, this offer can be made only if a reasonable number of our members participate. If we can secure a few more affiliations, that number will be assured for 1943.

Important also is it that those who cannot attend our annual meeting mail their subscriptions as soon as possible, but not later than December 1, 1942. This affiliation will benefit our members individually and also our national and state societies.

In order to affiliate and receive the publications of The American Folklore Society and The Tennessee Folklore Society, send \$4.00 to our Treasurer, Miss Geneva Anderson, Sevierville Road, Maryville, Tennessee, or give her this amount at our annual meeting, November 7, 1942, Cookeville, Tennessee.

Recent Meeting of the Hoosier Folklore Society Fifth Annual Meeting

At Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana, on invitation of
The Summer Institute of Folklore
Saturday, August 15, 1942

PROGRAM

Greetings

Collecting Old World Folklore in
and Middle West
Steel Town Folklore

Stith Thompson, Indiana University
Director, Summer Institute of Folklore
Tholma G. James
Wayne University, Detroit, Michigan
William Hugh Jansen
I. U. Extension Center
East Chicago, Indiana

PROGRAM

Shawnee Female Deity in Historical
PerspectiveC. F. and E. W. Voegelin
Indiana UniversityFolklore in a Stone Mill TownErnest W. Baughman
Wilson Jr. High School, Muncie, IndianaThe Family Saga in SwedenSven Liljeblad
Lund University, SwedenFolklore and DialectHarold Whitehall
Indiana University

6:45 DINNER — Dining Room E, Indiana Union

Speaker, Harold W. Thompson, Cornell University
President, The American Folklore Society

A N N O U N C E M E N T S

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE TENNESSEE FOLKLORE SOCIETY

Tennessee Polytechnic Institute
Cookeville, Tennessee
November 7, 1942

The officers of the society and Professor T. J. Farr, of Tennessee Polytechnic Institute have arranged the following program. Recently, additions to the program have been coming in rapidly, and it is possible that we have not listed all of these, but we wish to give to our readers the numbers that have been scheduled at this time.

- 10:00 Mrs. Benton Terry, Cookeville
"Negro Lore"
- 10:20 Professor Paul Soper, University of Tennessee
"The Meaning of Folk Drama"
- 10:40 Mrs. L. L. McDowell and others, Smithville
"Old Folk Love Songs"
- 11:00 Professor Wayland J. Hayes, Vanderbilt University
"Sociology and Folklore"
- 11:20 Dean Edwin R. Hunter, Maryville College
"Proverbs with Implied Context"
- 11:40 Miss Marie Campbell, Carrollton, Georgia
"Old Time Play-Acting"
- 12:00 Business Meeting
- 12:30 Lunch Hour
- 1:30 Professor Susan B. Riley, Peabody College, "The Teacher and Folk Lore"
- 1:50 Mrs. Everett Derryberry, Cookeville
"Folk Influence upon Classical Music"
- 2:20 Professor George Pullon Jackson, Vanderbilt University
"President's Address"
- 2:50 Business Meeting
- 3:00 Adjournment

National State and Regional Folklore Societies, 1942

American Folklore Society. Pres., Harold W. Thompson, Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.; Sec'y.-Treas., D. S. Davidson, Box 14, Bennett Hall, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa. The Journal of American Folklore, editor, Erminie W. Voegelin, Social Science Bldg., Indiana University, Bloomington, Ind.

California. Pres. Robert Gordon Sproul, University of California, Berkeley; Sec'y.-Treas., Samuel T. Farquhar, University of California Press, Berkeley. California Folklore Quarterly, editors, Archer Taylor, University of California, Berkeley, and Gustave O. Arlt, University of California, Los Angeles.

Canadian. Pres., Gustave Lanctot, Dominion Archives, Ottawa; Sec'y., R. A. Benoit, Parliament Buildings, Quebec; Treas., Aline Larose, Dominion Archives, Ottawa.

Hoosier. Pres., Herbert Halpert, Indiana University, Bloomington; Sec'y.-Treas., Mrs. Ross Hickam, 501 East First St., Bloomington, Ind. Hoosier Folklore Bulletin, editor, Herbert Halpert.

Kentucky. Pres., Lucy B. Thomas, Lebanon; Sec'y., Mrs. J. L. Duncan, Barberry Lane, Louisville; Treas., Gordon Wilson, Western Kentucky State Teachers College, Bowling Green. Bulletin of the Kentucky Folklore Society.

Michigan. Chairman, Thelma James, Wayne University, Detroit; Sec'y.-Treas., Ruth Barnes, Michigan State Normal College, Ypsilanti. Publications in Proceedings. Michigan Academy of Arts and Science.

North Carolina. Pres., George P. Wilson, Woman's College, University of North Carolina, Greensboro; Sec'y.-Treas., Frank C. Brown, Duke University, Durham.

Pennsylvania. Pres., Henry W. Shoemaker, Box 431, Altoona; Hon. Sec., George Kerson, 1301 15th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.; Sec., Mrs. E. C. Ottosen, Canton, Pa.

Pennsylvania German. Pres. Benjamin S. Meehling, Riverton, N. J.; Sec'y., Samuel H. Ziegler, 1820 Pennsylvania St., Allentown, Pa.; Treas., Edwin M. Fogel, Fogelsville, Pa. Publications of the Pennsylvania Folklore Society, Chairman, publications committee, Harry H. Reichard, Muhlenberg College, Allentown, Pa.

Southeastern. Pres., Fletcher Collins, Jr., Elon College, Elon College P. O., N. C.; Sec'y.-Treas., Thomas B. Stroup, University of Florida, Gainesville, Fla. Southern Folklore Quarterly, editor, Alton C. Morris, University of Florida, Gainesville, Fla.

Texas. Pres., John A. Lomax, 7456 San Benito Way, Dallas; Sec'y., J. Frank Dobie, University Station, Austin; Treas., Marcelle Lively Hamer, University Station, Austin. Publications of the Texas Folklore Society, editors, J. Frank Dobie, Mody C. Boatright, Harry H. Ransom, Austin.

VOLUME VIII, NO. 4

WAS NEVER ISSUED